

Two hearts: The Academia Primus (Volume III)

By

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## Introduction of the second yesterday

The finality at the vestiges of a cloister over arching in a greying metronome of silent reflection divines us in monotone as a steely cold blast of arctic wind is forgotten to the rise and fall of a summer sunrise succulent. In awe of how cherubim, ancient, austere; composed of imposing angles and inspirational curving lines begin and end with a story. That story is here entered into the annals and tones of greater foreshadows looming, amidst cobwebs dancing in the shadows of afterthought like reason and logic. I wanted to tail a tale so epic that it's own telling of late has become overshadowed by the very mechanism I have lacked in the friction and function of maturity. Behold creatures that stir and then sate angelic voices to the creation of the same.

In order to understand the scientific or mathematical principles of the theory of Relativity it is presupposed (or presumed) that the reader has a university matriculation equal to or surpassing that of the variable choices as at present that range from mathematics to physics and even biological physics; each of which I am not an expert. There is a body of inexhaustible works; books and essays by more honourable writers and respectable persons or even scientists than myself (notably including but in the modern age not limited to H.A.Lorentz, A.Einstein, H.Minkowsky, L.Boltzman etc). To say that Einstein was a genius is understated, but, to note that his postulates, hypotheses and presuppositions in his Special and General Theory were designed in such a manner as to be understood by lay persons such as myself, "without paying the slightest attention" to the inevitability of an almost completely intuitive system of interrelated points of note is understated. To compare myself to, as Einstein put it, "simply the tailor or the cobbler" is straightforward and should note homage to a man with an intellect far surpassing my own.

My self progressive task was to attempt to explain the first half of Special Relativity in part through poetic and other works

prior to his extrapolations using the Lorentz method in the latter half of the Special Theory. Such a great task as to explain relativity from Cartesian to Euclidean space via a line with multiple points to define three and four dimensional space (with time labelling the fourth axis) comes with its own barriers as I, a *lay person* have found. But to state that an individual should read, glancing through Einstein's work with myself as a companion far from in comparison, regardless of educational attainment, will hopefully and honestly leave the reader in awe of the gargantuan body of scientific work surmised by Albert Einstein.

Relativity as a dynamic, contested and contextual volume and body of work, knowledge characteristic to the most intelligible order is at times far reaching and could be read piously as with religious texts to gain a view of scientific delivery of mechanisms. It is multi-dimensional and connotes the intellectual strata relating to the movement of inertia and the Quantum law of the Emission and Absorption of Light which underpins the very road to the nature of physics within the ever dancing, naturalistic formulations of the grand ballroom in the sky that is simply a celestial dancing hall filled with such guests as the gravitational coalescence of stars at night and nebulae or positions and superpositions of clouds of electrons.

In order to understand Einstein, one must read each sentence anew as though for the first time (of which you must read his work to appreciate the appeal thus far) and re-interpret each word, line and sentence or paragraph with an excruciatingly analytic mind. Listen for the syntax and nuanced usage of entrancing language, tone which is important in understanding Einstein's theories in relation to for instance the reimagining of his works in the form of *a bolt of lightning* hitting a tree in the distance. The *resultant light* escaping to the ether or gravitating towards a canvas of books or an awaiting eye in an instantly simultaneous moment in space and time.

Axiom(s)

A breach of physics follows a line,  
From a to b, b to c;  
The body subjective marks its position,

The grandeur and emptiness of a space and time,  
Subjectively and surreptitiously correlating,  
Lines drawn and entrenched beyond borders unseen,

Logic of a dust coated moon,  
Whom and of which lays rays at night,  
And during the day, gravitates through stories,

Absorbing the spoils of the soul of heaven,  
The infinitesimal grandeur of which remains,  
Plausibly or implausibly difficult to understand

That is a line;  
A median being the central point exchanged in word,  
Throughout time our journey begins

### Euclid's staircase(s)

A straight line makes the point plain  
To the frustration of the former,  
Children's laughter plagued the structure  
A brief movement causes shakes as light packets,  
Photonic shards of glassless light  
enshrouded in casings of dust

Spark neurons and mitochondria  
A straight line with a median  
Rather than a mediator for receptors and;  
Van der Graaf Generators  
Footsteps and light into lofty light  
The structure shakes to dry the staircase of dust

### Geometry(ies)

A line sparks a motion towards two perpendicular lines  
Dimensions that are relative,  
Like space and time,  
Have no beginning, nor end save for what consumes  
An idea or proposition,  
Cruel hypothetical statement,  
Principle of a definite infinitely intimate

To say light,  
Cornerless and straying through sullied windows  
Whilst an eye awaits a transformation of theorem unseen  
Can be directed by intensities waving glance  
Tentatively looking livelier than Euclid's question  
The body celestial marks its claim  
In order to define a crystallated design of pulsing light

The rules of said geometry affecting collisions of the same  
Unyet it still streams through rain,  
Through sun and cloud,  
Through shadow and even in the dark  
Reversible and conversing  
Amidst a stream of nature

Is this light this trapped within space or time...

## Conception(s)

Humanity made this conception a human interface  
Of light, gravitating in space,  
Hungry for the forward momentum of time  
Divided only by time and at a speed beyond  
This distance and the passage of the same

## Photon(s)

Immortal photons  
Immovable darkness  
Intangible to the absence of light  
Intergalactic in remit  
Intransigent is the photon

Objects coincide and the ocean of light is barred  
Until from one we reach another Sun  
In which description of a journey  
An explosion or implosion  
Radiant in pulses of gravitation and light cacophonous

Thus he repeated  
“Let there be light”  
Whilst relative to one stars bursting sunset  
The rigid midpoint of specific,  
Immeasurable photons

## The Flood of Times Shadow

Time steadily churned, the ticking of the boiler was an afterthought overshadowed by the fact that it was useless despite the mechanism of it. Imagine the sound of words missing, as the steady whitening of his face engulfed in hair. His attention was drawn from the mirror. It's enclosure was a menagerie of copper-gold and brass that, whilst naturally reflective was somehow muted in the darkness of night. Someone else had fallen foul to the idea that what was literally taking the youth of anything it touched was equally creaking the floorboards and old creaky doorways.

It didn't have a clue who or what it was let alone who or what he was in relation to itself. As the smoke entangled in air molecules danced a tune to silent growls he couldn't help but allow his eyes to move from one torturously blood encrusted fist to his right fist, bejewelled with the lifeblood of another former member of humanity; they each looked into one another's eyes and he knew in that moment that they were now forsaken.

From beneath the microscope a doctors finger slipped as the movement of incandescent flame raged a century year old light which equally danced through old dusty corners of corridors and walls rebounding onto a bookcase that stopped time. The composure of what he had become of late was far from what he had envisaged for the future. He had been in search of the one thing that had eluded him all these years; tirelessly, endlessly, all eternally searching for a cure for her.

The chill winter air was crisp and cold in his mouth as he, Lloyd Henry potted amidst a sea of Petrie dishes questioning and measuring, reasoning with himself to the sound of silence save for the usual hum of the fridge. Dr Henry had grown increasingly elderly in front of the cluttered desk, where lay a simple satchel filled with a pen and papers of an almost indecipherable nature. Tired and strained from the constancy of the search for it, he paused to stare at the comet frozen in space



just out of reach of the moon. 'It would have to be now or never..' he allowed his thoughts to wonder. 'The cure has to be here..' he continued as she began to murmur, stirring from another night of poor sleepless groaning and growling from behind the cage. The thought composed itself and then. Steadily disappeared to the deserted imagination of which he had once been classed as inspirational.

A thought that was composed greatly of complicated volumes of words the good doctor had allowed into existence found itself confound his logic. All this was to be for the sake of a disease that was unlike any he had witnessed prior to the embers of humanity succumbing to the fall of mankind. That is, as with every day that had passed since Angela had succumbed to the first symptoms of the illness.

The only solitary route to the unspeakable nature of quarantine in this dystopia hadn't been spoken about for the equivalent of a month; a long and cold month composed of dark, enduring days and longer unending nights tinkering in front of a faulty piece of equipment. The truth of the sickness predated either of them. Even as the first ray of sunlight angrily protruded from its shroud in the sky, it was clear today would be dissimilar to all that had come before.

The insanity of their darkest hour as the final enclave of humanity, within a world that had long since died and been reborn countless times under countless social orders was evident. Even where they had electricity, the pockets of light that empty empire of rusting metal exhibited, wherever people existed didn't last very long. Scientists, Doctors and particle physicists had all succumbed to the numbing pain of the illness and like all life on the planet, the violin of sorrow plagued his every waking moment.

A single solitary tear rolled steadily down his cheek as he prepared himself for the first inoculation of the day. As he looked at her face in the photograph he knew this calm before the raging nightmare wouldn't last. Her face in the photograph she had lived

so much was beaming in the picture of the trip to Los Angeles. It remained in the world of yesterday though he kept it close to remind him of the dream of yesterday. The same journey that had led to her belief in words on hills amidst curving, curvaceous roads and streetlights that composed so many of her working dreams as a scientist for so long.

One solitary rabbit moved within the darkened strands of early morning, foraging for food, hungry and alone; desperately searching as it had done for the entirety of its existence. The sound of the machines in the distance were no threat to it at present as it moved quicker than it usually did, jumping from rocks towards the muddled mess of fast approaching sunlight in the distance and still it found no signs of life anywhere. The world had once been abundant, teeming with forms of life, flora, fauna and mammalian aquaculture; yet now on the eve of the end of all life on the planet, there seemed to be nothing but this singular stray rabbit navigating the vastness of an arid wasteland. As it moved, it appeared to be injured whilst its hind legs motioned sensitively and tentatively towards what looked like a crater in the ground surrounded by mounds of earth and destroyed ground.

A war had taken place here once, but not now. It was extermination. The robotic movements of machines sounded like it were happening in unison as one thunderous cacophony of sound motioned towards the rabbits' location at speed. They would be here soon despite the rabbit's efforts to move faster than its body could carry it. Of course the rabbit was infected with the Ær and as a result there was no route to changing what would ultimately lead to a synchronous betrayal of causality. The attempt to destroy the Flood, the aberration of the legislative code of the Ær, had failed and all was not well with the final test, the last of them sent to protect the past and safeguard the future of civilisation on the planet.

The Ær were alien to Earth and more than that, they were incorporeal beings with bodies that had long since died out leaving

nothing more than a dark cloud that moved, like the robots in unison, as one large mass of cloud, attempting to create symbiosis with any and every living creature on the planet at one point. It had long since been discovered that they couldn't be killed with any form of weaponry or technology, they couldn't be reasoned with and they couldn't be communicated with outside of the Ær synaptic bond, common in almost all forms of life at one point, in which the aptitude of the host would be greatly increased and moved beyond the point of mere evolutionary leaps.

Despite the near silence, outside of the mechanised army moving towards the location of the rabbit, the small creature continued to move as quickly as it could. Finally exhaustion gave way to the struggle and it simply fell over and began to pant deeply with its ears and nose twitching as though it were in a trance. It was then that the silhouettes and shadows of the army became visible as the sun's light began to bask the ground with its presence. The danger from the Flood was passing but that left no room for manoeuvre regardless as the Rabbit containing the only seemingly sentient creatures in the known universe in its system simply gave up trying to find the final stronghold of the last embers of humanity.

As the rabbit lay on the ground it placed a paw on a small rough portion of the ground and then something curious happened as the armoured front of a large series of machines appeared over the crest of a large mountain of debris and dirt which began to appear seemingly out of nowhere. The ground rumbled and began to shake as a series of pressurised modules and pistons activated beneath it, one after another, a rapid series of doors began opening and closing above and below the creature only to leave it bathed in a bright and unceasing light. Suddenly the rabbit was no longer to be seen and the machines were left to carry on searching for what now appeared to be an anomaly within their sensor readings. Meanwhile, below the surface of the earth, the creature could feel a cold rush of air as it was pushed further and further towards the lower recesses of a chamber beneath the surface of the

earth. A feminine voice began to speak and with that the rabbit, startled gathered its final reserves of energy and began to attempt to stand to no avail.

"Quarantine procedure active.." the voice repeated over and over again before the creature was sprayed with all manner of chemicals and then a circular glass tube protruded from the ground causing the creature to become trapped within what had become its prison. As the elderly lady moved away from the control panel, hope for the future became more than that, as though a beacon had been lit. She wasn't alone, surrounding her were a large contingent of scientists and doctors, soldiers and civilians; though in actuality, all of them had become soldiers at the eve of the end of the world.

"Quarantine procedure active, all senior Haven technicians to C.A.B.L.E mainframe, prepare for evacuation to Geodesic. This is not a drill. Repeat this is not a drill!" the voice of the computer activated vocal replicator was cold and metallic, clinical and devoid of life. That was the first time the Ær heard the voice of Cable, the computer that had helped to create a strategy to fight the machines. It wouldn't be the last.

Annaxis Exion, a part of the Autumnal Group which was now being overseen by the former Secretary General of the United Nations was gearing up towards the first attempt to make history through scientific research in Quantum Temporal Dynamics. For years scientific speculation and definitions of exactly what it might be like travelling through time had been the norm within the scientific community but now science fiction was becoming actual fact. The thought of being the first person to overcome the barriers of Quantum Micro Gravitation, Hawkings Radiation, the ultimate speed, namely that of the speed of light and the masses of energy required to power the experiment seemed impossible barriers that



still to this day had not been overcome. Confidence in the leader of Annaxis Exion was waning and the shareholders wanted their dividends and proof that their investment would turn a profit. How little they knew of the relative nature of the developments of science.

The organisation had kept their progress in the field secretive. Nowadays they were becoming well renowned for desertification of the remnants of the first planet with a human colony, yet despite this, somehow they still remained active, though the current form of operation within Annaxis Exion was limited. The stress lay heavy on the brow of Hugh Lord, who despite his greatest efforts was lacking in sleep. Hugh grimaced as he looked at his greying reflection in the mirror. He wanted to reach out and shake himself, but instead allowed the seconds to tick as he looked at the clock despite the time. The board of directors were going to be present at the location of the test site on Sinus Meridiani. It had taken nearly a century for his family to gather enough resources to be able to travel to Mars; it had taken longer still for them to reach a position of power but something was still holding him back.

Hugh looked first at his watch and then at his reflection one more time and then prepared himself for what could potentially be the end of his career. If the experiment didn't go as planned he would be finished. He'd always looked at physics as the subject he wanted to immerse himself in but didn't know what more he could do in this current setting to engage with the board as they were all diplomatic types as opposed to the usual trend of business men and women. One woman in particular seemed to somehow always find a way to get under his skin, yet he carried off his duties with an air of regal composure that pointed towards the governmental super agencies in his previous employment.

As he fixed his suit tie, without uttering a single word a call came up on the holographic screen in his main office, he knew this as a result of the watch on his wrist. He was late. He didn't know how long he had been standing in his private quarters, time just

seemed to be flying by, but as he thought of Abigail his shoes began the usual click-clack cluttered noise they made on the polished marble flooring towards the office. He walked calmly despite the fact that there was a sense of urgency in the air and as every face he greeted passed him by, he made note to say a silent prayer for each and every one of them. This could be the making or the breaking of them all. *'Their lives rest in my hands'* he thought as he allowed a hand to brush through his stylistic haircut.

The year 2198 had been a cold and austere year with stock rises for some and for others, a great economic failure that had led to the Trans-Martian Super Highway or TMSH collapsing without any recourse to a re-emergence of the shuttle system between Earth and the other colonies. For all intents and purposes, it was only the super rich, governmental types and leaders of the free worlds who had the means to traverse such a great distance as at present. As Hugh was no longer a part of the political apparatus, he was now trapped on Mars for the foreseeable future.

"Good afternoon Mr Lord!" Hugh's secretary began as she pointed towards the office door. The light from the sun was all becoming in its natural glory as huge plumes of light basked the entire room with an airy glow. She made a carefully timed signal to the window, a secret system of hand gestures that basically meant that one of the board members, had found the time to make a personal appearance at the behest of the rest of them. Hugh understood and without hesitation fixed his suit carefully so as to make himself look well composed and then sighed deeply as he entered the room making note to greet her back politely before entering.

"I suppose your going to give me a back story about how hard you tried to get to grips with the Exion portfolio and how the stock prices and shares were always going to be in the less than bullish position they are at the moment?" the female voice in the Arnie Jacobson chair began. It was an original frame with reupholstered leather fabric from the 2070s. Modern technology and engineering being what it was, they could replicate whatever materials they

needed on mass such that a whole office could be equipped with the latest in trending core furnishing but Hugh loved anything that predated the 1960s era. His bookcase on the eastern side when facing the door was filled with ancient books that ranged from legislative tomes relevant to the history of employment rights through to now ancient philosophers and academics with regards to the foundation of democracy. Hugh allowed his eyes to flit between the bookshelf and the Oxygen Recycler that allowed an artificial environment such as the complex of offices and scientific buildings to have breathable air.

"Mr Lord, let me tell you something about myself as we know so little of one another.." she continued. He hated the fact that she had power over him in something as serious as this. The fate of the planet could be at stake as opposed to the stock holdings of an individual corporation and yet still he held his tongue.

"..You see.." her voice trailed off as she swivelled round in the chair by the book case. Hugh at this point had walked towards the desk he was preparing to sit at, he shared an office with one other corporate type but they were rarely to be seen.

"..we've come a long way you and I, from simply milling around in the vastness of the Uniting Nations schemata through to developing a form of shared and enhanced equality within organisations that really don't value us as the talented and equal partners we should have been. My adopted family were farmers on Earth and they developed a strain of grain that allowed parts of Asia minor and Africa to grow sustainably for nearly three generations in one harvest. We learnt how to conduct business through dealing shrewdly and diversifying. There were no handouts for us and as a result we learnt how to say no to just about anything and anyone." A dry smile hid the solitary sadness in her eyes as she spoke.

"I don't want you to get too disheartened but the board wishes you to communicate their interests in your recent development. You see something is afoot and they don't quite know how long they

can keep you within their employ and without a job, you would be thrust towards the lower echelons of a world that really doesn't have a place for you. You and I, we're the same, of the same ilk as it were" her voice continued to trail off for all of a second as she began to pour a whiskey on the rocks.

"Do you smoke?" her quaint Scottish manners caused her to lean forward with a a metal case filled with cigarettes which had been outlawed for nearly three and a half years on Mars, yet still there were rebels who chose to continue without a care as to the repercussions to their health due to advancements in medical treatment for cancer.

"Thankyou!" he smiled back at her though he wasn't sure what the conversation was about.

"Mr Lord, you see I value the fact that there is an air of class surrounding yourself and your family. Where the other board members might say very little I choose to shoot from the hip as it were." There was something strangely dark about her, her dress was black, her lipstick in stark contrast was of the brightest red with gloss that reflected the lights in the room, her body was curved in the chair as though the two were made for one another. "You have an interesting style in this room." She remarked out of nowhere as the two of them watched one another amidst the smoke in the room. She was like a lioness hunting its prey.

"Thankyou, I like to.." Hugh was instantly cut short by the mysterious woman.

"I'd like you to meet me in my personal restaurant. There's something I'd like to show you." A sense of foreboding came across his face and yet he attempted to remain calm despite the stern nature of the lady in blacks demeanour.

"I'm sorry I haven't had the pleasure of.." before he had a chance to finish his sentence she had an arm outstretched as she walked towards him.

"Abigail Grayson" that was the moment their paths first crossed.

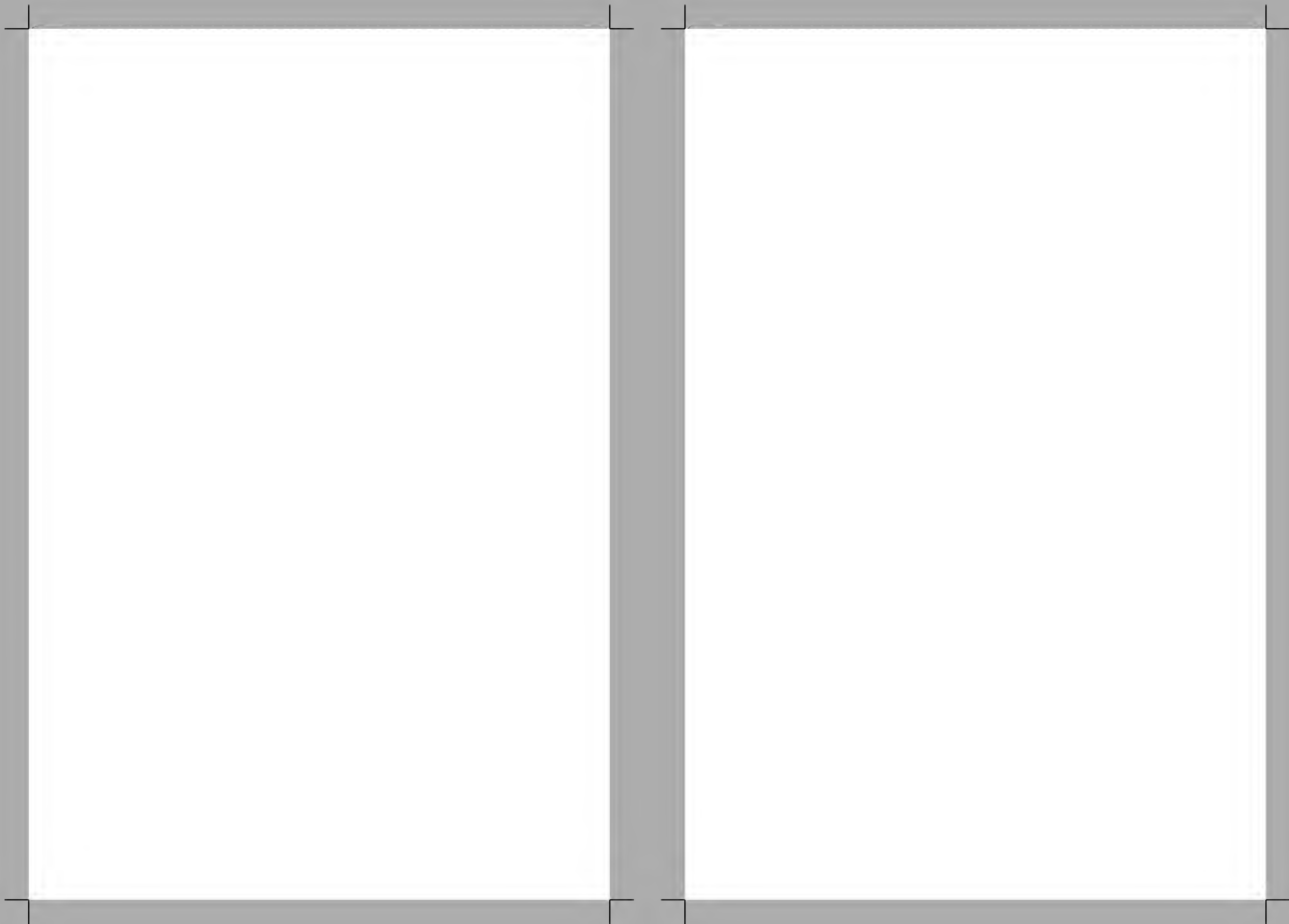
As a young girl Abigail was passionate about lunar phases and astronomy. As the rest of the world slept, in the dark innocence of early morning she crept calmly past the mess of toys and clothes in her bedroom, through the corridor, past the chez lounge in the dining room towards the window where it stood. It was resting not far from the old mahogany grandfather clock she counted throughout the night in order to make sure all the others were asleep. As Abigail allowed a finger to draw a line along the rose-gold and copper-silver tone of the old object she'd been fascinated with since before her childhood memories began to solidify in her mind, she watched and waited making sure that she was quiet as a mouse. Time had left its toll on them all, the orphans forgotten or left to fend for themselves in the wilderness of the future world.

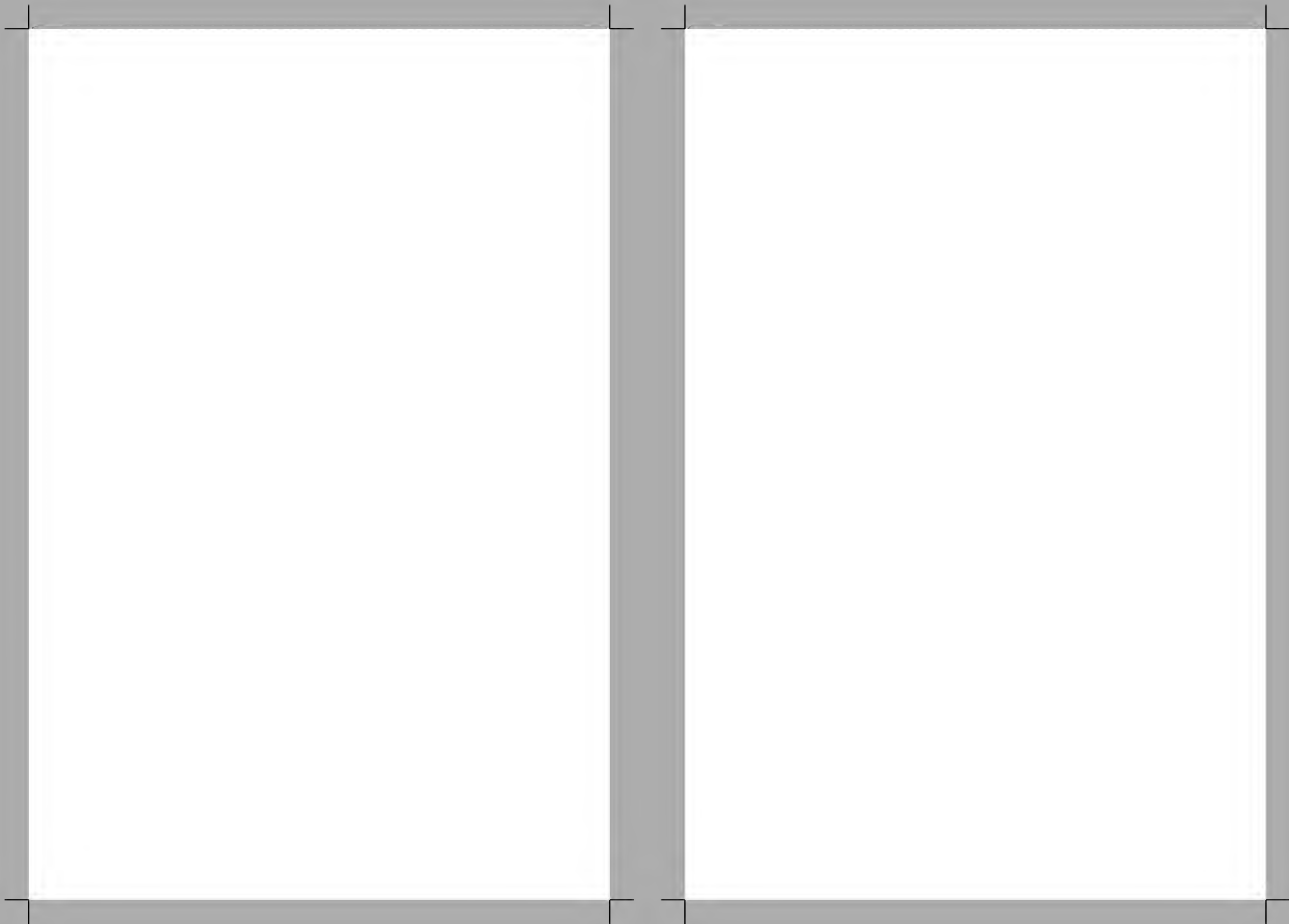
She wondered what some of them would grow to be. *'Would they grow to be homeless, broken and desolate reflections of themselves? would they become writers, politicians, academics, engineers and scientists, or musicians?'* despite this thought she knew exactly what she wanted to be when she grew up, a physician. This one little girl would grow to be the very salvation of history, space and time being a reflection of her present situation as she allowed one eyelid to gently close. Placing both hands on the mount of the eye piece, she couldn't have known how her insouciant indolence or nonchalance and unswerving nerve would one day equate to a paradise for her amongst the stars; instead all she had was her dream. A simple dream to be married to the moon's crescent shaped light in the darkness of the orphanage's lounge area within what could have been a mansion were it not for all the young ones running amok during the day.

Every night in silence as she stood by her window, the only thing she had for company beyond a teddy bear was the old telescope and the view of the

stars. How little she knew of the stars and sky at night as with all things, on a day such as this. The sound of footsteps hid the moon's face from her almost as soon as she looked through the lens of the object as she ran behind some nearby curtains in the clinically clean old building. Within a few minutes, after the hushed conversation moved through the corridor adjacent to the room she was in, Abigail motioned steadily towards the telescopic mount once again.

As Abigail searched, eagerly balancing on the stack of books in order to gain some extra height, a cold chill struck her by the window. The telescope was bulky, a cumbersome series of knobs and screws to focus the incoming light. As she looked through the lens, she struggled at first to see anything, but a few stray birds circling an area with trees in the distance. The houses within the mountain range below seemed blurry and out of focus, she shifted her position in order to find the exact position of the moon. Then, as she returned to the telescope, she found it, basking in a silver shimmering light, clear as if it were right in front of her. It was a brief, short lived victory as the clouds instantly collapsed upon the brightness of the moon, as if to say *'go to bed!'* but she watched the clouds consume the light in the room and then a terror, a feeling of foreboding simply came over her as she stood on the books, telescope in hand. That was twenty five or so years ago give or take a month.







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